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THE

ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

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JULY AND AUGUST, 1857.

ADDRESS.

1816-1822

BY RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D. D.

MR. PRESIDENT, AND

GENTLEMEN OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY :

This week is our New England Pentecost. This month of buds and blossoms, of the earliest spring promise and freshness, is devoted, by the Christian and Philanthropic Societies of the country, to the consideration of the great interests for the promotion of which they were organized. Our commercial emporiums have been thronged by earnest and devoted men and women, attracted by these high objects from their homes in the pine forests of Maine, on the plains of martyrdom in Kansas, by the golden sands of Africa, amid the spice groves of Ceylon, along the coral strands of India, in the tea fields of China ; so that it may be said, almost without a figure, that the wants and woes of the race have been described in behalf of the nations under the whole heavens. The offering of prayer for the world's redemption, and the incense of praise for a year's successful labor, have been offered amid the prophecies of spring, and the fragrance of flowers.

This holy convocation of the great Christian associations of the land is a harbinger and a pledge of good ; and, though the work of this society differs from that of all others in its specific aim, it hails with fraternal pleasure their success as more or less promoting its own. As they prosper, we prosper. As they languish, we grow faint. We are but few in number, and but weak in influence, compared with many of these organizations, whose income is nearly half a million of dollars, and whose agents are numbered by hundreds, not to say by thousands. In

addition to their superior numbers and financial resources, they are able, from year to year, to state what they have accomplished; the result of their labor can be shown; the additional churches built can be named; the additional members obtained can be given; the heathen converted rendered; the missionaries sent out enumerated; and the signal facts thus collected send a thrill through the crowded audience, and stir benevolent souls, wherever the myriad wings of the press carry them.

It is not so with us. Our numbers are few; our means limited; our objects not appreciated; and our influence of such a character, that we are not able to awaken that enthusiasm, and attract that attention, which so many other associations, representing the great benevolent spirit of New England, will be able to command. Nevertheless, we neither envy them their signal success, nor do we despair. For their success is our success; their triumph is our triumph. As the success of the pioneer with his axe is the success of the husbandman with his plough; as the triumph of the engineer, in laying his submarine cable, is the triumph of the merchant, who flashes his dispatch upon the bed of the ocean to another continent, so the successes and triumphs of these affiliated societies, working nobly and enthusiastically for the promotion of righteousness, are opening men's eyes to behold the majesty, the beauty, the brightening glory of universal peace; they are preparing men's hearts to appreciate the supremacy of reason and love in the intercourse of individuals and nations, and thus opening the way for the coming of that blessed era emblazoned on the page of prophecy, and aspired after in the bosoms of all noble men, when the nations shall learn war no more.

I am, therefore, neither surprised nor discouraged at the fewness of our numbers, or the narrowness of our means, or the unattractiveness of our labors; for, coming into the path, and following the triumphal march of other organizations, we will gather into our garner, in addition to our own, the fruits of their great toil and achievement.

This lack of popularity and appreciable success, does not originate in any lack in the dignity or necessity of our work. Eyes must be made to see, hearts must be found to feel; and our cause is of such a character that but few eyes can see it, but few hearts can feel it as yet. But few have got the instrument of vision. Other societies, by their excitement of the feelings of brotherhood in the bosoms of men, the vigor with which they press the obligations of this brotherhood, are preparing us the instruments with which we shall enable men to see that war is as unfraternal and as unwise as it is wrong; just as the optician



prepares the glass through which men can see the stellar regions as members with our own solar system of the one great universe. When men have achieved some triumphs over evils of less magnitude, and a less complicated and thoroughly compacted character, they will have confidence in the *possibility* of persuading men, as well as the *wisdom* of persuading them, to "beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

Let us, then, rejoice together, in this season of festivity, and add our mite to make this week of holy convocation, one of encouragement, and fresh hope to ourselves and our cause. For, when we remember the terrible trials, and temptations, and provocations of the year, we have solid grounds of encouragement and hope, and I do not know how I can better occupy my hour, in which you have been pleased to invite me to address you, than by unfolding, as I may be able, the reasons why we should cherish high hopes of the advancement and final triumph of our cause.

Let me not be misunderstood, however, in regard to what I mean when I speak of "high hopes." I am not so extravagant as to suppose that this society, in the enjoyment of the best success that its most ardent reasonable supporter expects, will revolutionize the opinions of men on this subject, at once, or speedily, or in this century. Extravagant expectations yield only apples of Sodom; they leave ashes, not nutriment, between the teeth of him who indulges them. What I mean by "high hopes" is, that good and substantial reasons exist which give assurance that the system of war, as an established method of adjusting international difficulties, or relieving national oppressions, will cease, and that, consequently, all systematic preparations for war in time of peace, in order to perpetuate it, or to obtain redress of injuries and injustice, will cease also. The object is a practicable one, and will finally be attained. We are helping the world in the direction in which it ought to move, and is moving, and, as long as we can discover either by observation or calculation, that we are approaching our goal, we should be ungrateful for present success not to be confident of final achievement. Vindicating myself, therefore, from the indulgence of any extravagant expectations, I feel assured that I shall be able to show that our work is full of hope, and rich in promise, since it is coincident with the great purposes of God as revealed in the Gospel, in History, and Human Nature. By this threefold course of argument and illustration drawn from the Revelation, the Providence, the Creation of God, I flatter myself that I shall be able not only indirectly to vindi-



cate the necessity of the existence of this society, but also, and directly and chiefly, to inspire its officers and members, and the community at large, with an assurance of its ultimate success.

I. Our first ground of hope is found in the *Conflict* which exists between the precepts and spirit of the gospel, and the code and spirit of war. As all Christians believe in the ultimate triumph of Christianity, they must also believe in the ultimate extinction of war. Christianity will destroy the lusts and passions out of which wars spring; and hence, the fountain being dried up, no poisonous streams will issue from it. Christians must be seekers of the things which make for peace, if they are consistent with themselves. But they are not wholly so. The best Christians catch but glimpses of truth. For truth is a sphere, and many, who have a perfect knowledge of those regions of truth which lie before them, are as ignorant of the continents which lie behind them, are often as faithless that there are any such as were the geographers of Salamanca of the New World. Yet the Christian has an aptitude to discover this new region of Christian truth and activity, and will soon confess to its existence and worth; and it is one of our specialities as a society, to direct attention to those regions now swarming with dragons, and red with blood, and veiled with mephitic vapors, and ringing with hideous sounds, which may be made waving harvest fields, verdant meadows, salubrious dwellings, and attractive melodies. It is no reason for discouragement that the Christian world do not *yet* see the conflict between war and Christianity. How long is it since Christians saw the conflict between their apathy and the missionary spirit of the gospel? How long is it since the slave trade was thought a Christian occupation, and a man like John Newton could send freights of human beings to be sold and worked to death in the West Indies? How long is it since the intelligent and Christian merchants of Bristol and Liverpool, almost as one man, opposed, with all the influence of wealth and position, its abolition? How long since the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage was followed by men who could not see the heathen perish, or one weak in the faith in their church? Men's eyes open to see the truth slowly and imperfectly; how slowly, how imperfectly! Like the blind man in the gospel, at first they see "men as trees walking!" We are constrained, as we see how gradually truth has made its way into belief and practice, to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Return, O Lord, how long!" Still I say that there is a peculiar aptitude, in the Christian mind, to see these truths,



and, therefore, every Christian is with us, though he may know it not, though he may not perceive it. He works wiser than he knows.

I know that some Christians attempt to apologize for war, and strive to make, here and there, a passage of Christ's teachings, or of those of his apostles, countenance, if not confirm, their attempts. But the glorious brightness of both the letter and spirit of Christianity cannot be dimmed by the torches which some blind men, in their wisdom, are carrying about in their hands. As easily might one attempt to darken the earth by holding his palm between his eyes and the sun. And Christians generally confess it, and, with our opponents among them, it is rather a question of time and means than of certainty and result. A few, in their simplicity, propose to wait for the millennium to come, and then wars will cease of themselves, as if the millennium would come of itself. Indeed, there seems to be some little discrepancy in their ideas, or statements, or both. "Wars will cease when the millennium comes," say they; but the millennium will not come till wars cease. So as the millennium cannot come till wars cease, and, as these cannot cease till it comes, neither can ever arrive, since they expect the cause of the millennium to be the effect of it. I would rather say to all such, Cease your wars and your spirit of war, exorcise it to-day, and with to-morrow's sun will glow your anticipated millennial glory. There is another class of Christians who Judaize when Christ fails them; they go back to Moses. "God commanded the Israelites to war; so we may fight." Admit the fact of the original command; if the contrary is commanded, or clearly implied in Christianity, whom will ye follow, Christ or Moses? Furthermore, if this command to go to war is so urgently imperative, or widely permissive, what shall be done with other commands to the Israelites, equally, if not more explicit? Will such Christians be consistent, and obey them all, or will they fall back on their own judgment as to which and how many of the commands to the Israelites they will obey or disobey? Here is one: "If a man have a stubborn son which will not obey the voice of his father, all the men of the city shall stone him with stones till he die." Will our young men, who adhere to Moses as an authority in justification of war, also adhere to him as an authority for punishment of filial disobedience? This illustration is of itself, without further support, a sufficient refutation of the impotency and inconsistency of all reasoning from the Old Testament in favor of war among Christians. I dismiss this topic, therefore, assured that Christianity sustains the wisdom of our work, and pledges it certain success, even where its spirit and precepts are interpreted by



those who do not yet see their full vigor and comprehensiveness. The tendency of the teaching and influence of the Christian church, imperfect as it is, and oppugnant as it sometimes is to our cause, yet, on the whole, is in the right direction; as the great river of the west, though it often doubles in its course, and sends its shore currents up towards the mountains, still bears on to the sea; and, finally, after such innumerable duplications and retroversions, mingles the waters of its thousand tributaries with the all-encompassing ocean.

II. But our hopes of success are not based simply upon the teachings of the gospel, and the tendency of its influence as now exerted by Christians. *The History of God's Providence*, also, buttresses our faith, and renders our conviction immovable. I do not now refer to what must be, to every one who has thought much upon the subject, a most marked indication of the divine will in regard to human relations, the striking contrast between both the letter and spirit of the Jewish and Christian dispensations on the subject of war. The most cursory reader of the Bible must admit that the precepts and spirit of Moses, are very different from those of Christ, and the meditations of the attentive and critical reader will not diminish the contrast. No cunning or boldness of criticism, no keenness or rashness of interpretation, can remove the fact; there it stands, bold, distinct, emphatic. And, for the purposes of my argument, its force and point are not diminished or dulled by the hypothesis of the unbeliever; for it shows that the minds, which had the benefit of the best religious system of which we have any record as existing in the earliest ages, outgrew their views of war, and the spirit which prompted to it, into the stature of human brotherhood, denying both the letter and spirit of their early faith.

But I do not propose to dwell on this remarkable fact,—remarkable from whichever point it is viewed, either from naturalism or supernaturalism, as divine revelation, or human legislation; I wish to direct your attention to the course of history since the Christian era, as showing that the same spirit, whether divine or human, which, in fifteen hundred years, wrought such a change in the religious ideas of the Jews, has been working among men, in bringing into real life, the ideas generated in Palestine.

The limits of this address forbid any thing like a full illustration of this point, so encouraging to those who are both laboring and waiting for the fulness of time to come. Indeed it is not needful,—the necessities of the occasion and of the audience being coincident,—that I should follow down the current of human affairs from the conversion, so called,



of Constantine, to the present hour, and point out, at each particular stage of their progress, how old barbarities were laid aside, and new humanities took their place; how cruelties, which make the flesh creep, faded out of custom and thought, and charities, holy as worship, and sanctifying as prayer, noiselessly entered society; how codes, bristling all over with terrors, if not written in blood, have been changed, and modified, and transfigured, till all things have become new; how the aspirations and ambitions of men have found new objects of attraction and gratification, till he who saves life, not he who destroys it, is knighted; till Florence Nightingale, the angel of Scutari, scales the empyrean, while Raglan draggles in the dust. The revival of letters in the fifteenth century, and the growth and spread of the sciences since, have wrought already, and will work yet more deeply, a radical change in many customs and opinions of the barbarous ages. When Christianity and letters struggled up through the strata of ignorance and paganism, which had been heaped upon Southern Europe by the overflowing of the hordes of the North,—rightly called hordes, for there was more of the herd than of the human, more of muscle than of mind, in those iron-fisted invaders,—it saw only the lowest forms of mental activity, and most often directed to the lowest ends. For centuries, Europe had been a perpetual battle-field. Border feuds like those of Scotland, Wars of Roses like those of England, battles of Barons like those of France and Germany, or between factions as in Italy, swept and wasted the soil. One great carnival of slaughter was kept for centuries, till the earth was drunk with blood, and men were hard of hand, and steeled of heart as the axes they swung, or the helmets they wore. When, at last, the Bible gained a place in men's hands, instead of spear and battle-axe, and its elevating influence began to reach men's hearts, the tide of human decadence was changed. From that hour the civilizing influence has been working and prevailing. It has made itself felt in all departments of life, from the most sacred to the most secular, from the most mechanical to the most mental; the real and the ideal have felt its power; the pen of the scholar, the plough of the husbandman yielded to its influence; the culture and face of the soil in England are not more changed than the culture and aspect of the soul. The religious and moral ideas of the old English Squires, and the opinions and character of men in the same relative station at the present day, admit of no comparison. Europe may be said to have been re-created within the last three centuries. The same is true of England, and he is a poor interpreter of the prophecies which the present day and age utter, unless he



behold, in coming generations, a still higher type of civilization, a still firmer bond of brotherhood. Hence war will cease to receive public favor, and its essential brutality will render it more and more repulsive to the higher type of humanity, which will be introduced in coming ages. For the elements of our present civilization are in mortal conflict with the essential elements of war. The universal spread of intelligence will make the subjects of kings so wise, that the game of war cannot be played, at least, unless it promises these subjects, as well as their kings, some return of spoil or honor. "For the fact seems to be that wars, in most cases, have originated from a total want of public opinion, from the ignorance of the people who allowed ambitious or unprincipled rulers successfully to employ every engine to influence their passions, and to excite the multitude to acts of destruction towards those of another country for no possible advantage. In future ages, it will, perhaps, scarcely be believed that rulers could have been so flagitious, or nations so brutalized, as to act, or be acted upon, in this manner." Government, or a few men of influence near it, usually originates wars. The people rarely, very rarely, rise spontaneously in arms against foreign nations. They are chafed into it by the furor of leaders, or beguiled into it by their cunning. There is vastly too much government, not in Europe only, but in this country also, and those in authority have vastly too much power. And, of many governments, it may well be said, that the chief and absorbing problem is, "how, in the least time and at the least hazard, the most subjects of an adjoining country can be destroyed," and the means be found to pay for doing it. Well and wisely did one of our own great statesmen say, "It has ever seemed extremely strange to me, that the objects of government are limited so much to belligerent operations, that its duties seem so exclusively referable to wars with other nations, when, within its Constitutional power, are objects far more worthy of zeal and assiduity than such as look to war, victory or triumph." The nations, and those who direct the energies of nations, have begun to understand and appreciate this truth. Once, and that not long since, every house was a castle, and every man was a warrior, and girded on his armor at the trumpet's call, or beacon fire's blaze; now the terrible business is committed to the hands of a few, and often these are volunteers, while the majority remain at home to till the field, and operate the machinery. Once the seasons of truce or peace were short and infrequent, now the sulphurous cloud seldom gathers over the field of slaughter, and the booming of cannon, and the rattle of musketry, and the wail of the stricken, and



the shout of the warriors, are heard only at long intervals, and for brief periods. The rule now is peace; once it was war. The grandeur of nations is now felt to be in the conquests of peace, not in those of war. The great civilizing power of letters and Christianity has transformed the axe of the warrior into that of the woodman, and the soldier into the citizen, so that we may say there are new heavens and a new earth, for the first heavens of the thunder-cloud of battle, and the first earth of the Golgotha of men of war, have passed away. So much, at least is true; so much is secure. The progress of the cause is written on the page of history, showing the infrequency of wars in this age as compared with those of past ages.

Nor is this all. The great Providence is clearly seen in the meliorations which have taken place in the conduct of war, as well as in its infrequency, and in the alleged causes for which it was carried on. The increased interests of commerce and industrial pursuits, have rendered it necessary that some very cogent overmastering reasons, should exist to justify plunging a people into the vortex of war. The mere whim of a sovereign, or ambition of a president, or caprice of a commander, cannot now, except in very rare instances, do it. Mercenaries are not easily found who will make themselves targets for a shilling a day, when there are so many more profitable as well as secure methods open before them of gaining a livelihood. Hence the code of war has been already essentially modified. Some of its worst features have been entirely discarded. New elements have been introduced, new principles established, till the gorgon features of the old code have been transformed into some semblance of humanity. The horrid scowl of revenge has been changed into the smooth, but iron brow of justice, which will yet soften, under the influence of milder skies, into the benignant face of mercy.

Note how the laws of privateering have been modified, so that the noble merchantman, with its precious freight of spices, sandal-wood, and gold, its fabrics of silk, and lace, and drapery, gathered from the harbors of all the continents and islands of the earth, can securely cross the seas, and visit the ports of the globe, in the very smoke and thunder of battle; its white sails, spread to the breeze, like the white flag in the hand of the old herald, insuring it safety and protection. The world's wealth as it goes upon the sea, is not exposed to the peril, or its keepers to the cruelty of those old vikings who made the nations' highway a terror, or those modern pirates that spring, like beasts of prey, from every cove and inlet of the coast, upon their booty. Had



the advancing power of civilization done no more than this to ameliorate the terrors, and prophesy the extinction of war, every lover of peace would have occasion and obligation this day to give thanks and take courage. But this is not all; it is but a single note, compared with the full chorus.

The rights of neutrals are now respected. The great highway of the continent is not closed to the family of nations, because two of its members are foolish enough or mad enough to rob and murder each other on that highway. The rest of the world will not now permit their interests to be seriously affected, because a portion of the race prefer to enrich their soil with their carcasses, and not by their industry, and freight their fleets with food for powder, instead of food for men. The list of contraband articles has been so circumscribed as hardly to diminish the amount of commerce to the ports of the foolish belligerents themselves, who are stultified enough to pay other nations for the insane privilege of impoverishing and depopulating their own.

Private persons and property are secure, as far as it is possible for anything to be secure in the earthquake of war. They are regarded as sacred; and if, in the tumult of battle, they are desecrated, it is a violation, and not an obligation, of the laws of war. In the bombardment of a city, only the public edifices are considered obnoxious, and to throw a shell into a private dwelling, is coming to be regarded, even by the terrible code of war, as little better than murder. What a cry of shame rang through Christendom, when, in that storm of iron at Sebastopol, the British threw their shells into the hospital; and they were compelled, by the indignation of outraged Christendom, to attempt an apology. How, too, in the terrific bombardment of Sweaborg, the guns were aimed only at the national works. Not a hundred years since, and the murderous missiles would not have been directed against those adamantine walls of rock only or chiefly, but the messengers of torment and death would have been sent chiefly, if not solely, to the living flesh and exposed homes of men, and women, and children, till the heavens were rent with their shrieks, and the gutters ran with blood, and revenge was drunk with the crimson torrent. This growth of respect for private persons and property, amid the thunder and iron tempest of a bombardment, show us that the humanities are triumphing over the enmities of war, and that the morning gray along the horizon, though faint and flickering, is prophetic of glorious noon-day.

Nor is this all. Perhaps even a still better proof of the progress of those principles which will cause wars and fightings to cease, is found



in the treatment of prisoners. I do not refer now to the chivalrous respect sometimes shown in past ages to a celebrated commander; the fickle sentiment of honor might prompt to this. I refer to the great body of captives. They are now neither butchered in cold blood, nor sold as slaves, nor confined to starve and rot in prison ships. Contrast the treatment of the Russians taken prisoners by the English in the recent conflict at Sebastopol, and the treatment of the prisoners taken by the same Englishmen during our Revolutionary war. Look at the hospital at Scutari, and the prison ships at New York, and tell me if humanity has not risen from its cradle to its throne.

I cannot better illustrate this whole subject of the progress of humanizing influences, as unfolded in God's great providence as recorded in history, than by referring, mostly in the language of the last Phi Beta orator at our neighboring University, Dr. Bacon, to two similar events in the world's history, and the different sensations which they produced among the nations. "In the Syrian campaign of the greatest, if not the least scrupulous of modern conquerors, he had taken by storm one of those ancient Phœnician cities, whose names are among the eldest of time. He then found himself in possession of a few hundred prisoners, whom it was inconvenient to guard or feed, whom he could not send away by sea, and whom it was perilous to release on land. It seemed necessary to the prosecution of his plans, that they should be put out of the way; and at his order they were put to death; not in the fury of battle, with their weapons in their hands, and with the cry of 'No quarter,' but with cool deliberation, and for reasons of expediency, two days after their capture. This one terrible shadow, more blasting to his fame than any other deed, perhaps, in a career which made the world turn pale, will cover his name so long as it shall have a place in history, and will associate it inseparably with the horror of that massacre. The moral sense of the world will accept no apology. Vain is the attempted apotheosis. Vain the labor of admiring eulogists. The imperial figure of the conqueror, as it passes before the imagination, is ever attended with the spectral throng of those slain captives. On that brow, where the lightning of an hundred battles had played, and yet left it unscathed, this one damning deed has written murder in such letters of fire, that the nations can read it. Look now, with me, upon another of the old Phœnician cities. The pastures, the groves of pine, the winding hedges of blossoming cactus, embosoming the city in verdure, fill our souls with a sweet sense of beauty, as we look across the narrow plain from the mountains to the sea, through which has ebbed



and flowed the tide of commerce and conquest for forty centuries, from Egyptian Remasees, in the times of Joshua or the Judges, down to the man of destiny, whose deed of infamy I have repeated, the record of whose successes or defeats is engraven upon the rocks in the old hieroglyphics, or declared in the broken columns and prostrate capitals, half buried in the sand, or washed by waves of the Mediterranean. Here was Berytus, at that time not only a seat of commerce, but a seat of learning, renowned as that of your neighboring city. To that city there came, at the period to which I have referred, a Roman prince, who bears an honored name in history—honored for his many imperial virtues, but not least for his humanity, and who obtained for himself the title of ‘*Amor et deliciæ generis humani.*’ It was the Flavian Titus who had just completed the conquest of Palestine, and the destruction of Jerusalem. He brought in his train a host of captives—survivors of the fights, the siege, the famine, the final massacre, that had accompanied the destruction of their beloved city. They were not soldiers only, but persons of all occupations, of all ranks, of every age, of either sex; nobles, peasants, merchants, artists; scholars, magistrates, priests, matrons, maidens, children. Of the wretched multitude thus left after distribution had been made to other cities for service or death, or the most commanding in stature and celebrated in arms had been selected to grace the conqueror’s triumph at Rome, two thousand and five hundred were taken to furnish amusement for the merchants and tradesmen, the artists, the professors, the teachers and students in the schools of rhetoric and philosophy, the ladies, as well as the coarse rabble, who crowded the places of the sumptuous games which Titus had established to celebrate the birthday of Vespasian, his imperial father. Some of these captives were torn in pieces by the fangs and claws of enraged wild beasts. Some were burned alive. Some were compelled to slay each other, till not one of that crowd of two thousand five hundred human victims, escaped the tooth, the fire, or the sword. *Then* those horrors seemed no more than justice; they were in full conformity with the accepted law of nations, which divested captives of all rights, and exposed them to slavery, to death, to any tortures at the will or caprice, the lust or malice of the conqueror; and this slaughter of twenty-five hecatombs of victims at Berytus, of as many more at Cæsarea-Philippi, and of as many more at Maritime Cæsarea left no shadow, set no mark of infamy upon the brow or memory of the benignant Titus. The face of nature remains unchanged where these two massacres were committed; the clear blue waves of the Mediter-



anean ripple and murmur along the shore, the towering peaks of Lebanon pierce the clear blue sky above, and vineyards and olive trees render the plains verdant and fragrant, now as then. Nature remains unchanged. But how changed the laws of war, and the judgments which are rendered by the nations, as the warriors are arrayed at their bar." The massacre by Titus, and the massacre by Napoleon—let the judgment rendered by the nations, inspire us with hope, with assurance, like a prophecy, that our cause will yet completely triumph.

III. Let us turn from the encouragement that History and God's great Providence therein give us to persevere in our work, and see what grounds of hope we have in the elements of *Human Nature*, as unfolded, strengthened, sanctified, by the combined force of the *mechanical*, *social* and *religious* activities of modern civilization. Human nature is substantially the same now as when the shrieks of victims rent the heavens in the amphitheatre, when lofty Lebanon rocked with the shoutings of the conquerors, or the old vikings desolated the coasts of Europe; as the nature of the luscious fruit which now wins a benediction, is the same as when its gnarled bitterness wrung a curse from the tongue it had stung, or the teeth it had set on edge; yet as the fruit has been so modified, improved, perfected by modern skill as to be a blessing to every tongue it refreshes, and every palate it gratifies, so human nature, under all the influences, earthly and heavenly, of man and of God, has risen from the gloating of revenge and cannibalism, to the glory of forgiveness and charity, and aspires still to something more perfect and abundant in the comforts of life, more fraternal in society, more holy in religion. The forces of culture as directed to human improvement, have not yet exhausted themselves, any more than those of the pomologist. The race is to rise to dignities of virtue yet unconceived. The capacities of man prophesy it.

This is called emphatically an age of materialism, of material interests, a mechanical age, an age of the monarchy of the dollar. Be it so. From my point of view, seeing it attended by other and more vital forces, all the wheels of its restless machinery pervaded like the wheels of Ezekiel's vision, I rejoice in this awakening of the soul to a sense of the value and importance of the comforts of life; of homes, neat, convenient, refined; of food, wholesome, abundant, luscious; of raiment, cleanly, appropriate, protective, ornamental; of yards, filled with shrubbery, flowers, and fruits. Man cannot be refined when he is in a gutter, a mud hut, a cellar; when he feeds on roots, vermin, blubber; when his raiment is nakedness, or bark, or skins; when his door sill is



a plank wharf, on the verge of mud, garbage, and filth. I am not at all discouraged, as I aspire after the progress of the race, that men have taken to killing weeds instead of each other; that they are building *themselves* comfortable, beautiful houses, instead of walls and forts, bristling with cannon, and filled with shot, shells, and powder. I am not discouraged that our masses, the poorest and lowest, aspire to cover the floors of their humble cottage with a carpet, rather than to cover the battle-field with their bodies. Man's nature loves, and the forces of modern civilization impel him to seek and help him to find, the comforts and luxuries of home. In front of his progress in this direction, astride his path from poverty to plenty, from destitution to comfort, is the monster war, like another Apollyon, with its iron mace in the air, ready to crush all who seek to travel in that direction, from the deserts of desolation and debasement, to the heights of abundance and honor. The whole spirit, tendency, and result of wars is in conflict with this aspiration of the age. Like the monster which ravaged the Grecian coasts, it devours, not only the inhabitants, but the comforts and luxuries of the country. The immense, incredible expense of war, whether in preparation or progress, bars all improvement in the comforts of the people. The publications of this society are too full of information on this subject to require or justify my introducing any statistics, either to illustrate or confirm my statements. The nations of Europe are actually impoverished, crushed, with the burden of their war debt, and the current expenses of their war system. They are beginning to understand it. They are learning that they must dwell in miserable huts, with the prospect of nothing better, but rather the worse; that they must feed on coarse bread, and little of it; that they must go with wooden shoes or none; in patched and thread-bare, coarse apparel; that they must drag out life in narrow poverty, and die leaving their children heirs of hopeless mediocrity and want, unless they can, by the most vigorous economy, or importunate begging, obtain the means of escaping from their soil, cursed and blighted with the spirit and practice of war. The cry of "Bread" makes monarchs tremble; and we have been witnesses of the breaking out of these pent-up fires, consuming and desolating wherever they have flowed and flamed. The aspirations of men for mere physical comforts, for the material interests of life, are on the side of Peace. The palate and the pocket, no less than principle and prophecy, are on our side, and they will aid and honor our triumph. The sophistical argument, so often addressed and so often repeated, yet beguiling some whose proclivities are in that



direction, that the nations owe their progress and freedom to the conquests of war, is so shallow, that I will not spend your time, or mine, by noticing it. As well might you argue that the breath of cock-crowing rolled the sun up the steep of the sky to the zenith, or the trampling of invading herds was the cause of the husbandman's bountiful harvest. I say, then, without fear of successful contradiction, that just in proportion as the great masses of men understand the worth, and aspire after the conveniences, comforts, and luxuries of life, will war and the spirit of war cease in the earth. I hail, then, as an auspicious omen, the rising desire, which is manifested by the nations, and our own in particular, for the enjoyment and possession of material interests, better homes, better food, better raiment.

The social nature of man is, also, with us. War is the offspring and the mother of hostility, enmity; it dissevers, disintegrates, rends asunder. But the social nature of man is attractive, unifies, binds, harmonizes, crystallizes. These forces are antagonistic. Which will prevail, it needs no prophet's eye to see, no prophet's tongue to proclaim. There is open vision. Did not the progress of the last quarter of a century unroll before our glad vision its achievements in this direction, we should yet be assured that the strong, fraternal element in every human bosom, the unifying tendency in every heart and interest, would prevail at last. When the morning mists upon the mountains prevent the sun from ascending his meridian throne; when the sea weeds on the rocks prevent the tidal wave from swelling and breaking along the shore; when the foam of Niagara prevents the abysmal leap of the rushing torrent; when the dews upon its leaves prevent the oak from lifting up its imperial head to the skies;—then, and not till then, need we fear that the vital, vigorous forces of brotherhood will be overpowered, or even seriously crippled, by the waves or tempests of discord. Telegraphs, railroads, commercial enterprises of all kinds, by land and by sea, have formed one family of the nations, making real the great idea of Christianity and human aspiration, that all men are neighbors. The instant war breaks out between nations, this union is severed, this great nation-family is disorganized, and the instrumentalities which united them, are destroyed or held in abeyance. Commerce creeps from creek to inlet, from bay to gulf, fearing every sail espied, avoiding the usual highways of trade, and stealing into port like a pirate or a smuggler. The traveller is stopped in his course at the border with the point of the bayonet. The dispatch which is flashing along the wire is arrested on its way. The mail, which is bearing its messages of love, and tidings



of home, and news of the market, and contracts of business, is plundered. The whole beautiful symmetry of fraternity among the people of the earth, is broken up, and distorted, like the early strata of rocks by subterranean convulsions, so that frowning pinnacles of ice and snow rise between regions which once were one.

That this tendency of man to unity, this aspiration of his nature, sung by poet and announced by prophet, is strong and vigorous, cannot be questioned for a moment. That the material activities and interests of the age are strengthening it, and giving it broader fields of activity, is equally clear and undeniable. Every ship, freighted with the luxuries, conveniencies, necessities of life, is a dove of peace, bearing, with its white wings, good will to men. The mighty steamers are now afloat, which are to lay the great spinal cord along the backbone of the Atlantic, through which the wills of the eastern and western continents are to flow, as belonging to one common body. The Greenlander, in his snowy cabin; the New Zealander, in his bower of palm; the Australian and the Californian, in his fields of gold; the trapper of the beaver at Hudson's Bay, and the hunters of the ostrich on the Niger; the gatherer of the tea plant in China, and the silk spinner under the awful shadow of the Alps; the Laplander, skimming the icy rivers and drifted valleys with his sledge and reindeer; the American, stirring the fire in his red hot furnace, and flying across the plains, and shooting through the mountains on his panting locomotive; the Ethiopian, paddling his reed-skiff on the upper Nile, and the pioneer who makes the forests tremble with the falling trees on the upper Mississippi; the timid native that creeps from headland to headland along his safely navigable coast, and the fearless Briton, who ploughs the seas under the ice-ribbed shores of Greenland, the tempest-swept rocks of Cape Horn, the treacherous coral strands of the Pacific, whitening every sea with the canvass of his ships, darkening every coast with the smoke, and making all their rocky caverns reverberate with the roar of his steamer; all, all, and each, feel its power, and acknowledge its influence, from the morning to the evening sun, from the frozen to the fervid zone, wherever avarice, enterprise, science, accident or calamity has allured or scattered the race; in regal splendor, or squalid want; under imperial purple or tattered blanket, in princely palace or bamboo hut; wherever science has weighed the stars, or superstition worshipped them over the whole round earth, heart throbs responsively to heart, eye flows answeringly to eye, hand-clasp greets hand-clasp; in every zone, on every shore, the same all-pervading love of union, need of fraternity, and



aspiration for sympathy, are recognized and acknowledged. Not more all-pervading and powerful is gravitation, which spreads from sun to sun, from constellation to constellation, till the misty nebulae join the harmonious march of the skies. And as we do not fear that the heavens will fall, because man, either for his good or injury, suspends the action, or overcomes the force of this all-pervasive power in a small space and for a short period, so we need not fear that the great law of social life, and the force of fraternity in the race, are to be suspended or destroyed because the perversity and ingenuity of men sometimes are able to suspend or diminish their vigor for a short period, and in a limited space. A Greytown, a Sebastopol, a three days' storm in Paris, a six months' earthquake in Europe, a bombardment of Canton, will cause ripples in the great media through which the fraternizing, social life moves and strengthens; but they are powerless to destroy it. And, however much we may lament these interruptions of the work, this breaking of the threads in the web of human union, we have reason to rejoice that they are so few, and are growing fewer; that daily the desire is strengthening, and the means of satisfying it multiplying, that every kindred, tongue and people under the face of the whole heavens should be one, that all nations

“Should hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.”

I have spoken of those elements of our nature which seek for material good, which are now so active, and of the inherent love of man for social intercourse and fraternity as favoring the spread and triumph of our cause, since neither of them can be gratified to any great extent while the spirit and policy of war prevail. It remains for me to speak of one more element of our nature, of superior strength, and greater direct efficiency in promoting our work than either of the others, less obvious and tangible, it may be, in its operations, but not less decisive and effective; I refer to man's Moral Nature, to his sense of justice, mercifulness; to his consciousness of his obligations to God, and the supremacy of the divine law written on the heart and in the gospel. This last and highest element is on our side; its Giver is, therefore, on our side. The moral sense of men has ever compelled its advocates to admit that war is an evil; and an unmitigated evil, only because it removed, as they supposed, other and greater evils. Whether this be so or not, whether the evil might not have been removed in some other and better way, had half the ingenuity been expended, and a tithe of the



cost been given to establish and execute some other method of relief, I more than suspect ; nay, I confidently believe, that

“ Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.”

But it is something that the servants of war are compelled, by their moral instincts, to admit, with Napoleon, that “ war is a trade of barbarians,” or, with the worshipped veteran of England, to say, “ Ours is a damnable profession.” Nay, war breeds more vices than it kills. “ Put together,” says Voltaire, who was no squeamish sentimentalist, “ all the vices of all ages and places, and they will not come up to the mischief of one campaign.” He has overstated the fact. But there is truth enough in it to save it from being bombast, and this is saying much.

This would be the place to speak of the evils, the horrors, the cruelties, the barbarities of war, even in its most tamed and humanized form, and thus contrast its work, and the sacred demands of justice and mercy, and so show that it vitiates and shocks every moral sentiment, and blasphemes religion, though marching under consecrated banners, like Satan in the trailing robes of an angel of light. But time and spirit fail me. I cannot navigate those seas of blood ; I cannot traverse those Saharas of desolation. I have no heart to tread the Potter's Fields, the Golgothas of war. I cannot describe the roar, the carnage, the shouting, the groaning, the imprecations, the wailings, the clattering of horses' hoofs, the oozing of fresh blood, the palpitations of exposed hearts, the remnants of rent and mangled bodies, the ground slippery with blood, torn with shells, furrowed with shot, the heavens black with the smoke and rent with the yells of onset and death. O, my soul, enter thou not into this work of horror. Strive not to express, in feeble words, scenes which make the iron warrior smite his heart, and curse his work. But rather take courage that what is so horrible will yet stir and sting the moral sentiments of men to such desperation of revolt, that they will rise in the vigor of their strength, and the unity of fraternal love, and say, “ Thus far hast thou come in thy march of desolation and death, O thou child of perdition, but here shall thy foot of fire and blasting be staid. The coming generations shall not pay thee tribute either of gold, or honor, or blood. Justice shall decide between man and his brother, and no longer shalt thou clang thy huge mace down in the scales.”



Those elements which constitute man's moral nature are clearly on our side, and I will not afflict your patience at this late hour, by more elaborately and exhaustingly arguing it. So man's Material needs, Social wants, and Moral instincts all conspire to aid us. These three supreme impulses in the human bosom are opposed to war, both to its spirit and to its work.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have attempted, feebly, it is true, but with sympathizing heartiness, and earnest good will, to encourage and aid you in your holy labors, by showing that the Gospel, in its letter and spirit, History, in its lessons and results, Man, in his most ineradicable instincts and wants, all confirm the truth of your principles, and the practicableness of your work; all combine to inspire you with *a hope* that will not disappoint you, nor make you ashamed; with *an assurance*, that waters cannot quench, nor floods drown; with *a conviction*, deep and immovable as of the truth of our holy religion, that success will as certainly crown your labors, as that the stars will continue in their courses, as that the morning's grey will brighten into noon's glory, as that prophecy pre-writes the history of the coming ages.

I had hoped for space and time to suggest some methods of labor, and remove some difficulties in the way of its efficiency, by answering some of the cavils and arguments of those who lack sympathy or faith. I should have been glad of opportunity to show how the crushed nations of Europe, and the crushed race in our own country, are to be redeemed and elevated, not by the diffusion of muskets and shot, but by the diffusion of intelligence and righteousness; to illustrate how sadly we mistake the spirit, the basis, and the security of our own institutions, and the means of spreading them over the earth, when we send, as their symbol and safeguard, a cannon instead of a spelling-book to Sardinia, to be a sign of our power and fraternity with the nations. I should have been glad to show how the fat soil of Kansas is to be made the abode of freedom, not by Sharp's rifles, but by the enterprise of intelligent men and women. I should have been glad for space and time to point out some of the special, providential openings, which are inviting to renewed labor, as well as confirming patient hope. But the waning hour admonishes me to pause. And I do it the more cheerfully, tear myself from these enticing themes the more submissively, because I feel assured that those who hear me are both able and willing to anticipate what should be said, and need neither my word nor my impulsion to enlighten or inspire them in the work.



Go on, then, Gentlemen, in this great beneficence, inspired with the fact, that Christianity, History, Human Nature, are with you. The Past is full of prophecies; the Present full of omens; crushed Humanity full of aspirations and assurances, that the song which was first sung by the commissioned angels, eighteen hundred years ago, to the expectant, yet amazed shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, will be caught up by the dwellers in the valleys and on the rocks, echoed by the husbandman as he turns his furrow in peace; by the vintager, as he gathers his clusters in security; by the merchant, as he freights his ships without apprehension; by the sailor, as he crosses the ocean in confidence; by the children, as they sport at the door of the cottage, more safe than in the shadow of the ancient altar; by the aged, as they rejoice in freedom from the terrors and agonies of battle; by the mother, as she returns the smile of the angel-guarded babe upon her bosom; by the father, as he no more trembles at prescription, when he looks upon the manly form of his boy; by the patriot, as he can lavish his nation's treasures on institutions of learning, and encouragements to invention, and highways of intercourse; by the monarch, who can enrich and beautify his kingdom, and ennoble his subjects with his wealth; by the scarred and crippled warrior, who sends a grateful sigh to heaven that the sword has ceased to devour; by the ministers of religion, whose prayers are answered, and whose prophecies are fulfilled; *by all*, from continent to continent, from ocean to ocean, will the mighty refrain be taken up, and round the earth's circumference will swell the accumulating thanksgiving of redeemed nations,—in comparison with which the grand chorus of “The Messiah” is as a solitary note to the ravishing harmonies of heaven,—“MIGHT IS DEFEATED, RIGHT IS TRIUMPHANT; FORCE IS BANISHED, JUSTICE IS CROWNED; SATAN IS DEPOSED, CHRIST IS ENTHRONED.” “GLO-  
RY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH, PEACE,  
GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.”

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## R E P O R T .

THE past year has been one of general repose and security to the peace of the world. The exceptions to this statement outside of Christendom have been very slight and transient, while in civilized or nominally Christian countries, there have been no international wars at all, and comparatively few cases of domestic bloodshed or strife. Some governments, called Christian by courtesy, or by a figure of speech, have been, like Russia fighting with the Circassians, and England with Persia and China, engaged more or less in hostilities



with pagan or barbarous nations ; but they have still contrived to keep peace among themselves, and have visibly made some hopeful progress towards the settlement of their future difficulties by other and better means than a resort to arms. The late war in the Crimea obviously left Europe in a state of mind more averse to the arbitraments of the sword, and more inclined to provide some permanent means that shall supersede its alleged necessity by the introduction of peaceful substitutes. Its rulers have, in form, recognized our principle, and have thus planted the germ of a policy that must, sooner or later, put an end to the whole war system. The grand idea of our cause never stood so prominent or so hopeful before the world as it does at the present hour. It may require a long time for its full development and its effective application in practice ; but we may well take courage on seeing the leaven so clearly and auspiciously at work in the general mind, and so sure, in God's good time, to bring the blessed consummation we seek.

Our cause, at home and abroad, has continued, during the past year, its usual scale of operations. Our own success, in the face of some peculiar discouragements, has been much better than our fears ; and, in some respects, quite beyond our highest expectations. Never before did we encounter so serious obstructions from the prevalence of a war spirit among our own friends, as well as in the community at large ; and when we read the intense, all-absorbing excitement between freedom and slavery in Kansas, in Congress, and the whole land, especially during the late presidential canvass, we see at once, how extremely difficult it must have been to keep the ark of a cause like ours prosperously or safely afloat on the waves of such a popular agitation. Some of our Agents felt obliged to suspend their labors for a time ; and not a few, whom we had regarded as among our most reliable supporters, honestly thought they could do no more for peace until the battles of liberty and right in Kansas should be brought to a successful issue. The marvel now is that, in such circumstances, we should have accomplished any thing whatever the past year ; and devoutly thankful should we be for having met with a degree of success so much beyond our fears.

In spite of all these obstructions, we have continued our former scale of operations. Our publications have increased in some departments, and suffered little diminution in any. Besides the care of our office, and the services of our Corresponding Secretary, we have commissioned six Lecturing Agents, all except one in fields extending from western New York to and across the Mississippi. One was unable, from his health, to enter our service, and some of the others have labored only a part of the time ; but this lack of service at the West we have partially supplied by recently appointing another in New England. We have attempted only a fraction of what we deem requisite for a proper and adequate prosecution of our cause ; yet much more than could have been expected from the small amount of means at our command.

These operations have been sustained on a very slender income. We have received, during the year, \$4,274.40, and expended \$4,218.67, leaving in the treasury a balance of \$55.73. It is seldom that so much is done at so small



expense, and could not in this case, if so large a part had not been so nearly gratuitous.

The chief financial movement of the year has been the commencement of an effort to raise, in five years, a permanent fund of THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. The object is, to secure the steady, perpetual attention of the public mind to this great Christian Reform through the press and the pulpit. The fund is to be exclusively applied for the support of a Secretary, or by whatever name its chief actuary may be called, who shall devote his whole time to the cause of peace under the American Peace Society, for the publication of a periodical as its organ not less frequent in its issues than once in three months, and for the maintenance of an office as the centre of its operations, with the pledge that such Secretaryship, Periodical and Office shall be perpetual without intermission. The general plan has met with an unexpected degree of favor. To a few of our leading friends there was sent a brief circular in behalf of the effort; and our Secretary has been charged with doing what he could, consistently with his other duties, in obtaining pledges for this fund. The success thus far exceeds our highest expectations. Five years from last January were allowed for completing the subscription; and, though less than five months have elapsed since the plan was first announced, and only such applications have been made as our Secretary found compatible with his other labors in the present state of his health, still nearly half of the whole thirty thousand dollars has already been prospectively secured. No subscription is binding unless at least \$20,000 shall be obtained; but since so much has been pledged in a few months, we cannot allow ourselves to doubt that the whole will be raised in due time. It assuredly will be very soon, if the object is regarded with any considerable share of the favor shown by the few whose subscriptions have already been received—\$5,000 from one, \$2,000 from another, \$1,000 each from two others, and \$500 each from several more. No application has yet been made, except in a single case, to any of those in Boston or its vicinity on whom we have heretofore relied for some of our largest contributions; but, when the subject is fairly brought before the early co-workers of Worcester and Channing in this birthplace of the Cause of Peace, we can hardly entertain any doubt of the result.

The importance of this effort must be obvious to all; and the necessity of some such provision to insure the steady, permanent prosecution of this great Christian Reform, has lately been forced upon the attention of our Committee in ways which they could not disregard. When Ladd died, in 1841, a victim to his zeal for peace, some feared it might be obliged to suspend its operations awhile; and, when our present Secretary was prostrated by overwork in its service more than a year ago, it was found impossible to get any one in his place without such pledges for his support as the Society were unable to give. What was to be done? How were the pecuniary responsibilities to be met under which a single man had stood for so many years, until he found himself crushed under the burden?

Such was the emergency which suggested the plan of this permanent fund.



It was practically a question of life or death to our cause; and the Committee saw no alternative but to accept the conditional offer of \$5,000 which started the subscription. It seemed neither right nor safe to let it encounter such peril, or depend so much upon any one man. It is the common interest of many, who ought in some way to make together an adequate, reliable provision for its support; and their joint contributions, with a mere pittance from each, would amply suffice for the purpose.

The argument is plain and decisive. The work of peace is not a local or ephemeral want, but will always be needed everywhere, a universal and perpetual necessity of mankind. It will be wanted in every place down to the end of time. How shall it be secured? Somebody must be responsible for its adequate support, its effective prosecution; and, as scarce one in a hundred of the contributors to our current charities will at present give any thing for this, it must of course depend almost exclusively on its few plighted friends. They must, in some way, provide for it, or it cannot live and prosper. There is but one way for this; and that is, for them to make it their special, paramount care, and, if need be, to concentrate all their resources upon it. We would not undervalue any other object; but, until the Christian community at large shall give it a suitable place among the benevolent enterprises of the age, the friends of peace must reserve themselves mainly for this, spend upon it a far larger share of their contributions during their life, and then bequeath to it at their death the greater part of all that they have to leave for any object of benevolence. The exigencies of the cause imperatively demand this at their hands. There is no other alternative, and the sooner they come to this conclusion the better.

We deem it more than time to press this view upon the friends of peace; and we rejoice to find from some of them so generous and hopeful a response. Others, we trust, will soon follow their example; and when the claims of this cause shall come to be seen in their proper light, the friends of God and man must come in throngs to its support, and push it onward to a glorious triumph. Already has it, with the merest pittance of means, made its clear and decisive mark for good on the world. We know, in truth, no enterprise that has accomplished so much with so small means; and, had it been from the first properly sustained by the mass of Christians, it would ere this have undermined that whole war-system which has so long spread its foul and bloody incubus over all Christendom. There is no cause more hopeful than this. A comparison of means used with results already secured, would prove a signal degree of success for the efforts made; and, if its friends shall gird themselves in earnest for its steady, persistent, adequate prosecution, it must in due time achieve a glorious triumph all over Christendom, and to the ends of the earth.

Death has not made, the last year, such havoc in our ranks as in the year preceding; but we have to mourn the loss of a steadfast and excellent friend, in the late Hon. SIDNEY WILLARD, at the age of seventy-six. A graduate of Harvard, in the class of Channing and Story, 1798, for twenty-five years a Pro-



fessor in that venerable University, three years mayor of the city of Cambridge, and several times a member of both branches of the Legislature, he acquitted himself with honor in all these various spheres, and has left a name embalmed in the respect and affection of all who knew him. For twenty years he was a member of our Board of Directors, and, when in the Legislature, exerted himself with ability and success in behalf of our cause.

Our co-workers in England have labored during the year with their wonted zeal and energy. Just escaped from the special labors imposed by the Eastern War, they have since been called to combat their own government in its invasion of Persia, and the assault on Canton; and every such case they have met in prompt and fearless fidelity to their principles. It would seem that the progress of this reform is likely to be a series of conflicts with the war-system in its successive outbursts; but we shall rejoice to find its friends in every case as true and unflinching to our cause. As an illustration of their zeal in meeting its current emergencies, we may record the fact that its friends in Manchester, at the time when there was serious danger of misunderstanding between their government and our own, obtained, in a few days, nearly thirty-two thousand signatures of the inhabitants of that single city and its environs to an Address, expressing their "sentiments of friendship and good-will towards the people of America," and deprecating the idea of war between such countries for the settlement of their difficulties.

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#### ABSTRACT OF THE TREASURER'S REPORT.

*American Peace Society in account with JOHN FIELD, Treasurer.*

##### RECEIPTS—

Balance from last year's account.....	\$117.13
Donation from John Brewster, Esq., on loan, .....	1,000.00
Receipts reported during the year.....	3,157.27
	<hr/>
	\$4,274.40

##### PAYMENTS—

For postage, meetings, and office expenses.....	\$255.18
" paper, printing, binding, and other expenses relative to publications ..	1,287.38
" agencies, and travelling expenses.....	1,676.11
" investment of loan.....	1,000.00
" balance to next account.....	55.73
	<hr/>
	\$4,274.40

We have examined the foregoing account, and find it correctly cast, and properly vouched.

J. A. PALMER, }  
L. T. STODDARD. } *Auditors.*

Boston, May 22, 1857.



## AN AGENT'S REPORT.

FROM the report of our excellent and devoted servant in Michigan, the Rev. W. W. CRANE, who has labored in our cause with the self-sacrificing zeal of a martyr worthy of all praise, we give the following extracts :

Since my last Annual Report, I have delivered one hundred and two lectures in fourteen counties and thirty-seven towns. I have met with little violent opposition, but with that which has discouraged me more, with indifference. Many have listened with eager attention, and will continue to give the subject deep and candid thought; but the majority are little moved.

I have probably delivered over eight thousand tracts and pamphlets gratuitously, to congregations and families visited, since I commenced my agency. These, scattered over a large part of Michigan, will make an impression. Over the same territory, I have sold more than four hundred copies of the Peace Manual, besides many copies of other books.

No cause demands so much patience, forbearance, and self-denial. No cause is so unpopular. Licentiousness is disgusting and loathsome; and when the lecturer describes woman, lovely by nature, pursued by the libertine to the last stronghold of virtue, and then follows her in her downward way till she rots unburied, our disgust and loathing kindle into the most excited indignation, and men are aroused to act, to contribute funds, and bring the guilty to punishment. Intemperance has no redeeming quality. The picture of haggard poverty, of half-naked children, shivering with cold, the print of their bare feet in the snow, their wan and despairing look on the empty table, the dying mother on her bed of straw, with the storm beating on her pale face through the open roof, fills the popular audience with rage against the brutal vender, who, for paltry gain, brings all this woe, unties the purse-strings, and wakes men to action. So slavery is mean and cruel, at war with all the nobler sentiments of the soul; its dastardly hold on the necks of men, and its shameless outrage on *man* in the image of God, calls up a tempest of excitement, and brings to the anti-slavery cause a hundred thousand dollars in a year.

Not so with the cause of Peace. War moves on with stately march, surrounded with glory, immortalized by Homer, and sanctified by misconstruction of Revelation. Poets, orators, historians, and artists, vie with each other in its praise. Eloquence and song kindle a flame of martial enthusiasm in all our youth, and beauty lays a wreath on the brow of the hero. The whole tide of immemorial depravity sets strong against us. We contend with the popular sentiment of the world, with a custom made sacred by the march of four thousand years, and, shocking to say, christened at the altar of Christ!

Thus we struggle against a degenerate Christianity as our most serious obstruction. The heathen error, that evil is the power to overcome evil, an error which Jesus Christ came to condemn, and which the early Christian disciples for two hundred and fifty years repudiated, has, since the days of Con-



stantine, been incorporated into Christianity. With such formidable array of opposition, what can such a man as I do ?

Wherever I go, the libraries not only teem with Grecian classics of the Homeric stamp, but modern history is written in blood. Protestant history is fraught with the glory of the "thirty years' war," that scarcely left human life in central Europe; with the saintlike character of Cromwell and William III., and with the brilliant victory that left one hundred thousand dead at Fontenay. Everywhere I meet with pictures of battle-scenes and war chiefs. Little boys are posted on stools to act the orator, and trained to rehearse the speeches of generals before their armies; while young men declaim at our colleges on the glories of Napoleon. In the origin of the peace cause, it probably had the favor of the anti-war political party, and this may have aided its progress; but my labors do not commend me to either political party. With all their changes, the democratic party in this nation have ever been the war-party since 1812; while at present, the republican party, at least in the west, is peculiarly averse to any thing recommending the patient endurance of wrong, on account of the struggle about Kansas. At one place, after a Kansas lecture, the eloquence of which probably did not surpass that of your humble servant, a collection was taken of about one hundred and thirty dollars. I delivered two lectures at the same place, and received three dollars and fifty cents.

My scanty income has greatly embarrassed me, not only obliging me to retrench in every thing, but also filling me with painful solicitude and care. The want of funds to meet my travelling expenses has prevented me from attending the Ecclesiastical bodies of Michigan, and also from complying with a polite invitation, from an eminent State officer, to visit Lansing, and present the claims of our cause before the Legislature.

Few ministers have entered earnestly into the cause. Many have met me coldly, and trustees of congregations have often refused me the privilege of asking financial aid. Yours, respectfully.

W. W. CRANE.

Leoni, Mich., May 5, 1857.

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#### ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

THE Society held its twenty-ninth anniversary in Park street Church, Boston, May 25th. At the business meeting, 3 o'clock, P. M., Hon. AMASA WALKER, one of the Vice Presidents, was called to the chair, and L. T. STODDARD chosen Recording Secretary *pro tempore*. The Annual Report of the Directors was read by the Corresponding Secretary, and adopted. The Treasurer's Report was also presented, and duly accepted. Messrs. Smith, Trask and Eastman, were appointed a committee of nomination, on whose report the subjoined list of officers for the ensuing year were chosen.

The following resolutions, also, were unanimously adopted :

*Resolved*, That we fully approve, and would commend to the special favor of our friends, the plan of our Executive Committee to raise a fund of thirty



thousand dollars for the permanent support of the Cause of Peace in this country.

*Resolved*, That the present general repose of the world is so auspicious for the prosecution of our cause, that its friends ought to improve the opportunity by a prompt and large increase of efforts for its advancement in all sections of our land.

The Society then adjourned to attend the public exercises at 7 1-2 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. BECKWITH, and, in the absence of Hon. WILLIAM JAY, the President, Hon. SAMUEL GREELE, one of the Vice Presidents, was called to the chair. Rev. WILLIAM JENKS, D. D., of Boston, offered prayer. The Secretary then presented a very brief abstract of the Report, after which the Annual Address was delivered by the Rev. RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D. D.

At the conclusion of the Address, on motion of Hon. AMASA WALKER, seconded by Rev. Dr. SANGER, it was

*Voted*, That the thanks of the Society be given to the Rev. Dr. STEBBINS for his very able and eloquent address, and a copy be requested for the press.

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### WAR LEGISLATORS.

WE are apt to wonder how so much money comes to be lavished upon war and its agents; but our surprise will cease on looking at the composition of most legislatures, and learning how largely they are made up of military men. Take, as a specimen, the British Parliament. In the House of Commons you find six admirals, two commanders, three naval captains, three generals, one lieutenant-general, five major-generals, twenty-three colonels, thirty-three lieutenant-colonels, twenty-three majors, fifty-four military captains, thirteen lieutenants, six corporals, one hundred and five barristers, six solicitors, eight lord-lieutenants of counties, two hundred and seventy-three deputy vice-lieutenants. These are independent of a great number of military officers who have sold out or resigned their commissions. In the House of Lords, there are eleven admirals, two naval-captains, two field-m Marshals, eight generals, one lieutenant-general, eight major-generals, thirty-three colonels, five lieutenant-colonels, four majors, nine military captains, two lieutenants, one cornet, nine barristers, seventy-seven lord-lieutenants of counties, eighty-seven deputy and vice-lieutenants. Gracious heavens! what a group of military men, making Parliament a sort of camp or parade ground!

Such facts account for the proclivity of our State legislatures to squander so much on our Militia System. There is, in truth, little more *need* of it now, than there is of a railroad to the moon; and yet some \$75,000 was expended in Massachusetts last year for the support of this political humbug, and a still larger sum *asked* this year. It is mainly because so many military men are sent to our legislatures, and that political aspirants calculate so much on the aid of the military to help them into office.



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## FACTS RESPECTING CHINA.

## ITS MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS.

THE military forces of China, says the St. Petersburg Journal, are estimated at more than 800,000 men. In their army, rank is hereditary. A soldier can retire from the service, only when his son is in a position to replace him; if he has no son of his own, he is at liberty to adopt one. It is allowable to enter the service at as early an age as fifteen. Gunpowder has been in use among the Chinese from time immemorial; nevertheless, the Chinese artillery is far from being as perfect as that of Europe. The balls originally used by the Chinese artillerymen, were made of clay, dried and hardened.

In time of peace, the soldiers are dispersed over the whole empire, and, in addition to their pay, they are at liberty to cultivate the portions of land that are allotted to them. They are generally employed by the State in public works, or making roads, and in repairing the banks of rivers. Their arms consist of sabres, swords, pikes, muskets, bows and arrows. The Russian traveller, Timbowski, who visited a large portion of the Chinese empire, states that the soldiers are clothed the same as the other inhabitants, with the exception of the tunic, which they wear over all, and which is always of the same color as that of the flag under which they serve—that is to say, yellow, red, or blue. In times of war, they receive helmets of iron, cuirasses that are quilted and wadded, and shields of bamboo wicker-work.

From the very commencement of a campaign, the Chinese endeavor to get possession of the hostile commanders, either by force or by stratagem. Ou-Tse, the author of a treatise translated by Amoil, recommends that the drums and cymbals should be confined to the most valiant warriors that can be found. "For the drums and the cymbals," says he, "have to speak to the ears, the flags and the standards to the eyes, recompenses and punishments to the hearts."

## RECENT TREATMENT OF THE CHINESE BY THE BRITISH.

We have just been witness, says the *China Mail*, February 15, 1857, to a scene such as our readers will have difficulty in crediting—one, we can scarcely believe, would be perpetrated under the most savage and tyrannical government, and such as no one could ever have dreamed of seeing in a British colony. We allude to forty-two Chinese crammed into a cell sixteen feet long by fifteen feet broad, furnished with only one small aperture for ventilation, and confined there for twenty days, with the bare and damp ground for a bed; and in this space they had to perform all the requirements of nature! Covering they required none, for, as may easily be supposed, the den was in a perfect stew, the air-hole being only eleven inches high by six feet long, and placed in the extreme upper corner of the room.

It is true they unfortunately happened to be in the employ of the Easing firm, at the time of the late diabolical attempt to poison the community; but that affords no just ground even for their detention, as there was not a vestige of proof of their participation in the crime for which their master is now standing on trial for his life before the Supreme Court. At all events, it can afford no excuse for such brutality as that to which they have been subjected. Better far to have deported, or hanged, or shot them at once, than to have exposed them to such frightful sufferings as they must have undergone during twenty days' suffocation in this "Black Hole of Hong Kong," the walls of which are newly erected, and the plaster and floor not even dry.

Nor is this all; for a reference to the books, we are told, will show that the wretched prisoners have not been supplied with food by the police since the 20th of January, and must, therefore, we presume, have depended, for the



means of existence, on their friends, or on charitable neighbors ; and, if such be the truth, the damning fact will stand recorded, that, in a British possession, forty-two of our fellow-men might, for all the authorities seem to care, have been starved to death, while in charge and under custody of their police.

We have but little more to add, except to say that we visited the cell above mentioned, in company with a medical gentleman, and he declared that, in all the range of his long experience, he never witnessed such a sight. The noisome exhalations were such that no European stomach could bear them for any length of time ; and even the few seconds we remained within the door of the dungeon, produced a sensation of nausea in both ourselves and friend, that did not leave us for several hours. We spoke to the police constable, who, more tender-hearted than his superiors, had twice reported the circumstances at the central station, begging that even the door might be thrown open, but without avail. We then called upon a justice of the peace, and requested him to accompany us to the spot. He did so, and instantly addressed an urgent remonstrance to the chief-magistrate, describing the hole in which the prisoners were confined, and stating it as his opinion, that the place was far too small for so many to remain, even for a few hours—that the men were looking very haggard, and if not at once removed, the more than probability was that sickness would ensue ; but, before he could deliver the letter into the hands of the magistrate, we discovered that the police superintendent had taken alarm at the warning given him by the medical friend above referred to, and was having the prisoners removed to the gaol.

#### AMERICAN POLICY TOWARDS CHINA.

OUR government has recently appointed a Minister to China, with ample powers ; and it is said that he will take London and Paris on his way, in order to ascertain at head-quarters what these powers design in the dispute now in progress, and the conditions they expect to demand. We trust we shall never, in any hope of future gain, strike hands with England or France in any scheme of violence or fraud towards China or any other country.

"We have no right," says one of our popular journals, with much truth and force, "to compel the Chinese to trade with us, but as the removal of their absurd restrictions on foreigners would benefit us and civilize them, we ought, as a nation, to use all legitimate means to bring about so desirable a result. Nor have we any doubt that conciliation and persuasion will achieve more, in the long run, than bullying, brow-beating, and the burning of towns. The world has gone wrong, these many thousand years, in attributing too much efficacy to force of arms. We are not of those who believe that wars can always be avoided ; but we are convinced that the efficacy of powder and ball is generally too much relied on. Experience shows that communities are no more insensible to justice and generosity, than private individuals are ; and therefore conciliation ought to be resorted to more frequently in international transactions. Penn's success with the Indians, Gutzlaff's influence with the Chinese, and numerous other examples, should teach statesmen to depend less on bombardments and more on fair dealing.

Perhaps it is even more important to us Americans, than to Europeans, that the Chinese restrictions against trade with foreigners should be removed ; for our western settlements look the eastern ones of the Celestial Empire in the face, and the two peoples must inevitably intermingle more and more. But it would be a fatal error on our part to make war on the Chinese, in order to remove these restrictions. The end never justifies the means. Time will bring all things right, if we have the patience to wait ; and perhaps the consummation we so much desire is nearer at hand than is supposed.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



## SOME REMINISCENCES OF ENGLAND'S LAST WAR WITH CHINA.

Some 20,000 or 25,000 Chinese were supposed to have been killed, while only thirty-nine of the British fell; facts which show what a sheer butchery it was. We quote some specimens :

"Their losses," says Col. Brigham, in his narrative of the war, "from the commencement, may be estimated in round numbers at from 15,000 to 20,000 men, and about 1,800 pieces of cannon of different calibre, with an immense quantity of the other materials of war. Their navy, such as it was, is nearly annihilated; but still these losses are but as a drop of water to the Chinese nation, and, like the many-headed hydra, it shoots out new armies as fast as previous existing ones are destroyed; but all, while we act with justice and humanity, to be subdued, by the blessing of Providence, by the British herculean arm."

"About 12,000 (Chinese) advanced upon the southern and western gates [of Ningpo,] the guards retiring before them. On the Chinese penetrating to the market-place in the centre of the city, they were received by a heavy fire from our troops drawn up. This sudden check so damped their ardor, that their only object appeared to be to get out of the city as fast as they could, in doing which they were crowded in dense masses in the narrow street. The artillery now coming up, unlimbered within one hundred yards of the crowded fugitives, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister. So awful was the destruction of human life, that the bodies were obliged to be removed to the sides of the streets, to allow the guns to advance, and the pursuit was followed up by them (the artillery) and the 49th regiment, for several miles."

But, besides these losses inflicted in battle, so great was their horror of the English, that numbers of them put to death their nearest relatives, and then committed suicide, rather than fall into the hands of the English. Captain Lock, a commanding officer in the war, thus describes some of the scenes he witnessed in one city: "After we had forced our way over piles of furniture, placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewn with rich stuffs, and covered with clotted blood; and upon the steps leading to the great hall, lay in their own gore, two bodies of youthful Tartars, apparently brothers, cold and stiff. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had fallen from loss of blood, and died on the spot. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met face to face three women seated, a mother and two daughters. At their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, and their senseless heads resting on the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over a living soldier, and endeavoring thus to conceal him. I stopped, horror-struck, at what I saw, and stood spell-bound to the spot. The women must have discovered my feelings; for the expression on the mother's face, of cold, unutterable despair, soon changed to the evident workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, and finally sought relief in floods of tears. Action was the only language she could make intelligible to us; and, coming close to me, she seized me by the arm, and with clinched fist and deadly frown, pointed to the bodies, to her daughters, to herself, and her yet splendid house. Then she stepped back a pace, closed her hands firmly, and, in a hoarse, husky voice, spoke, as I could see by her gestures, of her misery, of her hate, and, I doubt not, of revenge. It was a scene one could not bear long. I attempted by signs to explain, and offered my services to pass her in safety through the gates into the open country; but the poor woman would not listen to me, and the whole family were by this time in loud and bitter lamentations."



"In almost every house," says another eye-witness, "the children have been madly murdered. The bodies of most of these victims were found usually lying in the chambers of the women, as if each father had assembled his whole family before the massacre; in some instances, these poor little sufferers, were the next day still breathing and writhing in the agony of a broken spine; the way in which they were usually put to death. In one house were found, in a single room, the bodies of seven dead and dying persons. It was evidently the abode of a man of some consideration, and the delicate forms and features of the sufferers indicated the high elevation of their rank. On the floor, essaying in vain to put food into the mouths of two young children that were writhing in the agonies of death from dislocated spine, sat a decrepit old man, weeping bitterly at the piteous moans and convulsive breathings of the poor infants. On a bed near these children, lay a beautiful young woman, apparently asleep; but she was cold, and had long been dead. One arm clasped her neck, over which a silk scarf was thrown to conceal the gash in her throat which had destroyed life. Near her was the corpse of a woman somewhat older, her features distorted, as if she had died by strangulation. Not far from her lay a dead child stabbed through the neck; and in a narrow veranda adjoining, were the corpses of two more women suspended by their necks from the rafters. They were both young, one quite a girl; and her features, in spite of their hideous distortion from the mode of her death, still retained traces of their original beauty."

Dr. Gutzlaff, the well known missionary, entered the captured city of Chapoo, and beheld an awful scene of blood and desolation. "The wives and daughters of the Manchous, unwilling to survive the disgrace of their male relations, or apprehending the worst treatment from strangers of whom they had always heard so ill, immolated themselves and each other, by hanging, drowning, and every other mode of death. The whole place was like a city of the dead! Persuasions and assurances were of no avail; and, though the doctor went about with food and other supplies, and hoped that his exhortations had dissuaded those who remained from following the fearful example of the others, scarcely an individual female was found alive on his return the following morning. Mothers, daughters, and *young children* lay stretched in all the attitudes of death. One old woman had been prevailed upon by our soldiers, on the previous day, not to drown her daughter; but she watched her time, and effected the girl's destruction, and afterwards her own, as soon as she was left to herself."

These are only specimens of the tragedies enacted. At Chinkeang-foo the governor deliberately buried himself and his official papers. "The suicides and domestic immolations, exceed those at Chapoo in extent and barbarity. Numbers of the defeated hurried home, and, after butchering the females of their families, destroyed themselves. In some cases the women turned their hands upon each other and their children, drowning, hanging, poisoning, without mercy to themselves or others."

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#### COST OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

THE papers report that Parliament has just voted £9,000,000 for the support of the British navy. A pretty round sum for a single arm of the war-system in a time of peace. *Forty-five million dollars!* nearly the entire cost of our general government during John Quincy Adams' administration of four years, and more than thrice as much as the whole Christian world has expended, during the last fifteen years, to evangelize the heathen!